

HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR RADIO (Original Scripts)

Series 1. Episode 13.

A House On The Cliff



TONY HANCOCK

with

MOIRA LISTER, BILL KERR, & SIDNEY JAMES

in

"HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR"

No. 13.

INCIDENTAL MUSIC COMPOSED BY WALLY STOTT AND RECORDED BY THE BBC
AUGMENTED REVUE ORCHESTRA CONDUCTED BY HARRY RABINOWITZ

SCRIPT: RAY GALTON & ALAN SIMPSON

ANNOUNCER: ADRIAN WALLER

PRODUCED BY - DENNIS MAIN WILSON

REHEARSALS: MONDAY 24th JANUARY 1955: 2.00-5.00pm. AEOL.2
11.00pm. PARIS

RECORDING: MONDAY 24th JANUARY 1955: 11.15pm-12.15am. PARIS

TRANSMISSION: TUESDAY 25th JANUARY 1955: 9.30-10.00pm. LIGHT

REPEATS: SATURDAY 29th JANUARY 1955: 10.30-11.00am. GOS

SUNDAY 30th JANUARY 1955: 3.15-3.45pm. GOS

CONTINUITY:

(Live) THIS IS THE BBC LIGHT PROGRAMME

GRAMS: (ON RED LIGHT) "HANCOCK OPENING" - PART 1.

ADRIAN: We present Tony Hancock with Moira Lister, Bill Kerr and Sidney James in....

GRAMS: "HANCOCK OPENING" - PART 2.

TONY: (ALL EXCITED - BREATH) "Hancock's Half Hour".

GRAMS: "HANCOCK OPENING" - PART 3.

ADRIAN: One of the biggest items in the cost of living today is the general upkeep and repairs of one's place of residence.....especially when the house is an old one. Consequently, at Tony Hancock's house there is enough work to keep thirty full-time labourers in employment.

GRAMS: "HANCOCK THEME" (UP & UNDER)

EFFECTS: (HAMMERING)

TONY: Right - give us another nail Bill.

EFFECTS: (MORE HAMMERING)

TONY: There you are - sixty three nails in that lot. That should hold it. How does it look?

BILL: Very nice....but there must be a better way of putting wallpaper up. Why don't you use paste like everybody else?

TONY: Because this paper's too thin. The paste'd soak right through it, then we wouldn't be able to read the headlines. Now what else have we got to do?

BILL: The roof needs mending.

TONY: Nonsense, I put a brand new roof on last week.

BILL: Well the rain's still coming through.

TONY: I can't understand it. You wouldn't think rain would get through cardboard that thick. Well, come on, let's get on. And don't forget that pit prop in the bedroom...can't be too careful.

BILL: Wait a minute, wait a minute, what about that big hole in the dining room wall? You know...when you threw that packet of cornflakes at the cat and missed.

TONY: Don't you dare mend that hole. I want to spend a quiet evening at home tonight.....watching next door's television. Now come on, bring your ladder into the front parlour, the ceiling needs doing up.

EFFECTS: (SCRAPING AS LADDER IS MOVED)

BILL: Now we've got to be careful with this ceiling. I've been expecting it to fall down since last Tuesday.

TONY: Why?

BILL: That's when the walls collapsed.

EFFECTS: (HEAVY BRASS DOORKNOCKER)

BILL: The front door. Must be Moira.

EFFECTS: (MORE KNOCKING)

TONY: (CALLS) Not so hard!!!

EFFECTS: (DOOR SPLINTERS & COLLAPSES)

TONY: Come in Moira - pick up the door and close it.

MOIRA: (OFF) Hallo boys.

TONY: Put your hat and coat on the hall stand Moira.

MOIRA: What hall stand?

TONY: Has that nail fallen out again? I must apologise for the mess Moira, we're doing a few repairs.

MOIRA: (ON MIKE) Oh not again. Can't the landlord do something about it?

BILL: I doubt it - he died in 1827.

MOIRA: The place is in pretty bad condition isn't it. I'm sure the foundations are shifting.

TONY: They are not.

MOIRA: Then why have you had to change this address three times in the last month? You used to be just around the corner from me, now it's one and threepence to telephone you. And another thing...why don't you do something about all that long grass?

TONY: Lots of people round here have got long grass.

MOIRA: Yes..But not growing through the floorboards.

TONY: Leave it there - I like having my tea on the lawn.

MOIRA: Let's face it Tony, it's a waste of time and money trying to repair this place. It should have been pulled down years ago.

BILL: They daren't. This house is the end of the street.

MOIRA: Well?

BILL: Pull this one down, the lot will go.

MOIRA: Well they might as well, it's leaning over at an angle as it is. I don't know how you manage to stand up straight.

TONY: What? A six inch sole on your left boot, we're well away.

MOIRA: Why don't you do the sensible thing and move?

TONY: That's exactly what I intend to do. I have decided to build my own house.

BILL & MOIRA: What?!

TONY: Yes. This place gives me the willies. It's winter and the wet weather's with us and well...I know an Englishman's home is his castle..but I'm fed up with living in a moat. So I'm getting out.....I'm going to build me own little house.

MOIRA: Oh, so that's what all the bricks piled up in the middle of the room are for.

TONY: No dear, they were the fireplace.

BILL: Now wait a minute Tub, you can't build a house just like that. There are a lot of things to be considered. You have to get plans drawn up by a skilled architect.

TONY: I'm not bothering with all that nonsense. I've designed it meself. Like that bloke Christopher Waaf.

MOIRA: Wren.

TONY: Well, it's near enough. I've got the plans here. There you are - have a butchers at that little lot. That's a picture of how it'll look when it's finished.

BILL: (SARCASTIC) Oh yeah. And you designed this all by yourself?

TONY: Well...not exactly..but it was my idea to tear it out of the book. Anyway, that's what my house is going to look like.

MOIRA: But Tony, this is Buckingham Palace.

TONY: I realise that. I'm not an idiot. I realise I can't build it exactly the same as this. Naturally I'll have to leave a few things out.

BILL: Such as?

TONY: I won't need them sentry boxes.

MOIRA: Tony, you can't build a place like that. It's got over five hundred rooms.

TONY: We can take in lodgers. I've worked it all out. I'll need a few bricks, couple of sacks of cement, half a yard of sand, a bucket of water...then everybody stand back.

BILL: Has it occurred to you that to build a place like this would cost over two million pounds?

TONY: I'll have to start saving up won't I. Let's see, I can cut down to six meals a day, then I can.....

MOIRA: Oh Tony, be sensible. It's a very natural thing to want to build your own house..but you must be practical about it. You must build something you can afford.

BILL: Yeah - put a door on one of those sentry boxes.

MOIRA: Why don't you settle for something nice and discreet? A little bungalow perhaps.

TONY: Yes - that's it - a bungalow. I can just see it. I won't have stairs...I'll have a lift going right up to the top floor and a -

MOIRA: Tony, this may come as a shock to you..but a bungalow has nothing upstairs.

BILL: Perfect. A house reflecting his own personality.

TONY: Aaaaah...Tyson to you.

BILL: How dare you speak to me like that, you Birmingham blighter. I've only one thing to say to you. Lindwall.

TONY: You Australian cad. Cowdrey.

BILL: Why you....Miller. Harvey.

TONY: Compton. Hutton.

BILL: Bradman.

TONY: Bedser.

BILL: (SCORNFUL) Hah.

TONY: May. Statham.

BILL: Morris.

MOIRA: Boys, stop swearing at each other.

TONY: Weeell, I'm fed up with the way he keeps....Trueman.

BILL: Archer.

TONY: Fred.

BILL: Who's Fred?

TONY: My brother, wait till he grows up.

MOIRA: Now boys please. What about this bungalow.

TONY: Yes, I'm sorry Moira. Forgive me. I don't generally use bad language in front of a lady. Now....the bungalow. When do we start?

MOIRA: You can't start yet. You'll have to buy a piece of land first.

TONY: Yes of course. Must have land. (TO HIMSELF) What a pity father had to sell the estates. (ALOUD) Land. Where can I get some land from?

BILL: Wait a minute. I know the very guy.

TONY: Who?

BILL: Just about the finest estate agent in the business, that's who.

TONY: Oh no, not -

BILL: Yeah. Sid James.

TONY: I might have known it. And how long has he been selling land?

BILL: Ever since he found out how many people die every year.

MOIRA: Well you can think of someone else because Tony's not buying any land from him.

TONY: No, I'm not.

BILL: Why not? What's Sid ever done to you? Tell me.

TONY: I would with pleasure..but the BBC closes down at midnight.

MOIRA: I can't understand you Bill, you're the only one who doesn't see through him.

TONY: Yes - look what he did to me last week. Sold me a hundred silver plated cigarette holders for fifteen quid.

BILL: Well?

TONY: (ANGRY) That's a lot of money for a packet of pins. You can forget all about Sidney James.

BILL: I think you're being very silly. Sid sells his land cheaper than anybody else in the country.

TONY: There must be something wrong with it. You see. Probably a foot wide and two miles long.

BILL: He's got thousands of acres, all up and down the country.

TONY: I bet it's that little strip that runs in between the railway lines.

BILL: Look Tub, the least you can do is go down to his office and see what he's got to offer.

TONY: Alright, alright, seeing as I'm desperate for some land, I'll give him one more chance.

BILL: All you've got to do is beat him at his own game. Be more astute than he is. Use that high powered business brain of yours.

TONY: Good lad! I will. That's it, I'll baffle him with figures. Einstein Hancock. Come on, let's go and see him.

GRAMS: LINK

EFFECTS: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

SIDNEY: (OFF) Come in.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN)

TONY: Now see here Mr. James, I understand you have "x " number of acres for sale at "y" number of pounds. Well I want "z " number of acres at "b" number of pounds. I'm prepared o go up to "c" number of pounds.. But the way I see it, if "m" equals the marginal profit and "d" equals the discount per annum, then "y" over "b" plus "c" over "x" minus the square of "d" plus "m" would equal the sum of "q" plus "e" over "w" times the quotient of "f" plus "y" over "k".

SIDNEY: So what does that prove?

TONY: I don't know..but I'm red hot on the alphabet aren't I?

SIDNEY: Right, now let's get down to business. What can I do for you?

MOIRA: Tony's looking for some land to build a house on.

SIDNEY: And you've come to me. A very wise decision. I've got some of the finest land that's ever been reclaimed. Now whereabouts did you have in mind?

TONY: Ooh I'm not fussy. What have you got?

SIDNEY: Wait a minute, let's have a look at my maps. Ah yes...here we are - look - this lot marked in red, that's two thousand pounds an acre. This here in green...fifteen hundred an acre...this lot here in yellow...twelve fifty an acre -

TONY: How much for this big lot in blue?

SIDNEY: That...ooh, three and six an acre.

TONY: I'll have it. Build me a house right in the middle of it.

SIDNEY: Please yourself..but you'd better leave your bedroom light on.

TONY: Why?

SIDNEY: The ships might hit it.

MOIRA: Have you got anything on the coast Mr. James?

SIDNEY: Yes. This lot marked in red I showed you. Seventeen acres there, smack on the South Coast. You can only have twelve of 'em though.

TONY: Why?

SIDNEY: The other five fell into the sea.

BILL: Never mind Tub, twelve acres should be enough to build a house on.

SIDNEY: Of course - and not only have you got the land on top of the cliff, you've also got the beach right down to the sea edge.

TONY: That's nice.

SIDNEY: And it's only two thousand quid an acre.

TONY: Yes, well I'll have to get onto me broker about that.

SIDNEY: Why?

TONY: I'm broke.

MOIRA: Don't worry about the money Tony, I'll help you out with a few thousand.

TONY: Good girl Moira. 'Cos she can afford it you know....she's on that panel game.

BILL: Let's have a look at that map. We've got to decide just where we're going to build.

SIDNEY: Ah yes...that's a little point I forgot to mention. I always stipulate that any building done on land sold by me must be done by a building company nominated by me.

TONY: Yes, that's fair enough. Which building company do you nominate?

SIDNEY: Mine.

TONY: Yours?

SIDNEY: Yeah.

TONY: You're going to do alright out of this, aren't you. What is this building company of yours?

SIDNEY: My card.

TONY: Oh, I see you only employ German labour.

SIDNEY: Do what?

TONY: Sidney James Jerry Building Limited.

SIDNEY: We won't go into that. Now let's get down to details. I suggest we build the house on the beach underneath the cliff...it'll shelter it nicely. Alright?

TONY, BILL & MOIRA: Yes - sounds alright. Fine.

SIDNEY: That should provide you with a very comfortable little home...right up until eight o'clock every night.

BILL: What happens then?

SIDNEY: You move out.

TONY: Why?

SIDNEY: That's when the tide comes in.

MOIRA: And where do we move to?

SIDNEY: Into the other house.

TONY: Oh I see....What other house?

SIDNEY: The one we've had built on the cliff top.

TONY: Oh that old thing. Who's idea was it building that one?

SIDNEY: Mine.

TONY: Oh yes of course. You're the man who owns the building company aren't you?

SIDNEY: That's right. Mind you. I'm only doing it for your own good.

MOIRA: Of course.

SIDNEY: I mean you don't want to stay in that one on the beach all night and drown, do you?

BILL: No, of course not.

SIDNEY: Then you've got to have another one built on the clifftop haven't you?

TONY: Yes, I suppose we have.

SIDNEY: Well shut up then.

TONY: Just a minute. I can't afford to buy two lots of furniture.

SIDNEY: You don't have to. You take it with you when you go. You start moving the furniture at four o'clock in the afternoon, then when the tide comes in at eight o'clock, you'll just have time to nip back down and lock all the doors.

TONY: Why?

SIDNEY: To stop the sea getting in.

TONY: Well then if the sea can't get in, why can't I stay down there?

SIDNEY: What, and leave all that furniture out on the clifftop all night?

TONY: I hadn't thought of that.

MOIRA: Just a minute. Why can't we build just one house on the clifftop?

SIDNEY: Well you can do...but then where are you going to live during the day?

TONY: Where are we going to live during the day??? Well it's obvious, we just...we just....he's right you know. We've got nowhere to live during the day. Homeless. Tramping the moors waiting for night to come so we can go home. He's right.

MOIRA: Tony - don't be so silly, he's not right. I know plenty of people who manage perfectly well with one house. We'll build it on the clifftop. We don't want the one down on the beach.

TONY: Don't want it? I've paid seven thousand quid for that house. I'm not knocking it down for you or anybody.

MOIRA: It's not built yet.

TONY: That's no excuse. It's my home..and just because you don't like it, I'm supposed to knock it down and have nowhere to live during the day.

MOIRA: You can live in the one on the clifftop all the time.

TONY: Then who's going to live in the one down on the beach?

MOIRA: Nobody.

TONY: You expect me to leave it down there empty after all the money I've paid for it.

BILL: Look, I'm a bit confused. Do you mind explaining once again, very slowly, just why you need two houses.

TONY: Oh, I give up. I'm surrounded by idiots. Tell 'em Sid...cos they're a bit slow you know. They're not as bright as me.

SIDNEY: Well it's quite simple, you've got one house on the clifftop and....

MOIRA: Alright, we won't go all through that again. Take it from me Tony, you're being twisted.

TONY: How can you say such a thing about the man who just saved my life.

BILL: Huh?

TONY: Yes. Saved my life. Why if it hadn't been for Sid's foresight I might have been drowned in me bed. We're having two houses built, and that's that.

SIDNEY: Good. There's just one point about the house on the clifftop. If the weather gets rough and the sea undermines the bottom of the cliff...the house might collapse.

TONY: Oh dear.

SIDNEY: But you've got nothing to worry about. I'm going to take precautions.

TONY: Good lad Sid - my pal.

SIDNEY: I'm going to build you another house two miles inland.

TONY: Yes of course, no point in taking chances.

MOIRA: But Tony -

TONY: Quiet. The man's saved me life again.

BILL: So now we've got three houses. One under water twice a day, one liable to collapse any minute, and....there's nothing wrong with the third one is there?

SIDNEY: Nothing at all. Perfectly good house.

MOIRA: Then let's just settle for that one. Forget about the others, eh?

TONY: (FATHERLY) Don't be ridiculous Moira. The only reason for building this one is because the other two aren't safe. If you don't build them, there's no point in building this one. The reason's gone.

MOIRA: Yours isn't doing so good either.

SIDNEY: Right then. That's three houses at seven thousand nicker a time, that's twenty four thousand nicker.

TONY: Here wait a minute, you add that up again. Twenty two thousand.

SIDNEY: Oh, that's right - sorry.

TONY: Just watch it.

SIDNEY: Right now, if you'll sign the deeds we'll...

TONY: Just a minute Sid. I've just thought. It's going to be a bit dodgy getting this furniture up from the beach every night. You feel such a charlie climbing up a cliff in your pyjamas with a grand piano and a couple of goldfish bowls strapped to your back.

SIDNEY: Of course you do - which is why I've engaged the Sidney James Steel Construction Company Limited.

TONY: And what do they build?

SIDNEY: Escalators.

TONY: I thought they would. How much?

SIDNEY: To you...two thousand quid.

TONY: I'll have two. One up and one down. And I'll have two dozen corset adverts to stick up along the sides.

SIDNEY: Right, well that's settled.

MOIRA: Just one other thing. When the house on the clifftop falls down...which it will do...

SIDNEY: Naturally.

MOIRA: Of course....How do we get the furniture over to the house that's two miles inland.

TONY: Don't worry about that. I bet Sid's thought of something.

SIDNEY: I have.

TONY: I knew he had. How much?

SIDNEY: Five thousand quid. Payable to the S.J.E.C.

TONY: S.J.E.C.?

SIDNEY: The Sidney James Engineering Company.

BILL: And what do they build?

SIDNEY: Railways.

BILL: So now we've got our own railway.

TONY: I want a rise.

SIDNEY: Right now if you'll just sign here, we can get started.

TONY: Right.

SIDNEY: Well go on, what are you waiting for?

TONY: I was just thinking about that sentry box. If I was nine inches taller I could be living rent free.

SIDNEY: Sign it.

TONY: Alright. Anthony A. St. John Hancock, Second. There. Now how much do we owe him Bill?

BILL: Let's see. Twelve acres of land at two thousand an hour...(MUMBLES)...three houses at seven thousand...(MUMBLES)...two escalators...railway lines, two stations...engine...four coaches...and a guards van...that's two and two...carry three...makes....a hundred and forty four thousand pounds.

TONY: Moira, ring up the bank and ask for a loan.

MOIRA: But you haven't got an account.

TONY: Here's a bob, go and open one.

SIDNEY: Well there we are. We'll start construction first thing tomorrow morning.
Good day.

EFFECTS: (DOOR SHUT)

TONY: Isn't it marvellous. I only came here to see about a little bungalow.

MOIRA: Never mind Tony, I don't care what everybody else says about you, to me you'll always be...

TONY: Yes..?

MOIRA: A complete idiot.

TONY: Thank you Moira.

GRAMS: LINK

EFFECTS: (BUILDING SITE ATMOSPHERE)

TONY: My word, they're getting on with it aren't they? There's no doubt about it, you can't beat the British workman. Look at 'em going it. That's the third brick they've got into position in the last hour and a half. They'll never keep it up.

BILL: Hey look out Tub, mind that crane. Don't walk underneath it.

TONY: My word yes, a big 'un isn't it. (CALLS) Sorry Mr. Foreman.

ALAN: (OFF MIKE) That's alright mate. Alright Charlie, lift away.

EFFECTS: (CRANE)

ALAN: Slowly up. That's it. Swing her round now. Gently, gently, don't drop it. Right, that's it - hold it. Now slowly down. Slowly, slowly. Over a bit. Slowly down. That's it. Another six inches. Down. slowly now. That's it. Perfect. Let it go.

BILL: Now you know why they only lay three bricks in an hour and a half.

MOIRA: Surely they can work faster than this? I've a good mind to complain to the foreman.

TONY: Don't do that. They'll all go on strike.

MOIRA: Nobody would notice.

BILL: Oh now be fair Moira. Some of 'em are doing their bit. Look at that little bloke over there. They have him on the go all day. Never stops. Poor little devil. Mixing away there. Look at him, shovelling it in there. What's he making?

MOIRA: Tea.

BILL: I always thought they made cement in that thing.

MOIRA: Building a house? There are fifty men here, been working five weeks, and their heads aren't even showing above the ground yet.

BILL: Where did Sid get 'em from?

TONY: I don't know, but it's the first time I've ever seen overalls with arrows on 'em.

BILL: Look at that carpenter there. He doesn't know what he's doing for a start. Talk about wasting wood. Every half hour I have to go over and dig him out of the sawdust.

MOIRA: It's all your fault Tony. Agreeing to pay them time and a half for overtime and double time on Sundays.

TONY: Well, what about it?

MOIRA: Now they only come in after half past five and on Sunday mornings.

BILL: It's not good enough Tub. I've seen some lazy workmen in my time..but shovels with built-in armrests, I ask you.

MOIRA: Another thing Tony, I'd like to know where Sid's getting all the bricks from.

TONY: I can tell you that. You know he bought half a dozen rowing boats last week.

MOIRA: Well?

TONY: And you know that lighthouse over there.

MOIRA: Lighthouse? Where?

TONY: Exactly.

BILL: I wish they'd get a move on. We could build it quicker ourselves.

TONY: We'll probably have to. Look, that carpenter's just switched a light on.

BILL: What happened?

TONY: The electricians have come out. Hallo, there go the bricklayers, that's all they needed. Mark my words, half the country'll be paralysed before the night's out. Oh well, let's get to work. There's some hard graft ahead of us. This house must be finished. We've all got to put our backs into it. No shirking. Bill, you can lay the bricks. Moira, you can dig the trenches.

MOIRA: And what are you going to do?

TONY: You'll both be needing tea won't you?

GRAMS: LINK

EFFECTS: (HAMMERING & BANGING)

SIDNEY: Well I'm sorry about those workmen Billy.

BILL: Oh don't worry Sid, we're managing alright on our own.

SIDNEY: So I see. I like these new style temporary buildings.

BILL: Contemporary.

SIDNEY: Not the way you're doing it.

MOIRA: What's wrong with the way we're doing it? I'm very proud of myself. I've built a complete wall today.

SIDNEY: Yeah, isn't it about time you stopped. It's two hundred and twenty three yards long.

MOIRA: I know. I have the same trouble when I'm knitting - I just can't seem to turn the heel.

SIDNEY: Well I must admit Billy, it's coming along. I like that big bay window there. Very nice.

BILL: It's not supposed to be there. Tony leant up against the wall before the cement was dry.

MOIRA: Have you seen inside yet Mr. James?

SIDNEY: No. Where's the front door?

BILL: Well it should be here somewhere. I...oh there it is - up there.

SIDNEY: What's it doing up there?

BILL: I don't know, I just followed the plans here and....oh.

MOIRA: (WORRIED) Bill.

BILL: Well how was I to know they were upside down.

SIDNEY: Well, I would have thought you might have suspected. I mean it's not normal to have the television aerial in the coal cellar, is it. And I've been around, but I've never seen a flat roof with painted foundations before.

BILL: never mind, it'll confuse the flies.

SIDNEY: That reminds me, where's Hancock got to?

MOIRA: There he is - chatting to your foreman over there.

SLIGHT FADE IN

TONY: 'Course, this isn't the first time I've been on the building lark.

ALAN: I didn't think it was.

TONY: You can tell by the expert way I slice these bricks in half with me trowel can't you. Mind you, me fingers aren't as long as they used to be. No, I come from a long line of builders me. My great grandfather helped to build Tower Bridge. Yes he was the bloke who sawed it in half. Then there's the leaning Tower of Pisa.

ALAN: Your family built that?

TONY: Every stone. My Uncle Fred designed it. Well I say he designed it...that isn't exactly true. It was a rough sketch of me mother's wedding cake. The Italians liked it, so we put it up.

ALAN: Does it really lean?

TONY: Well, strictly speaking....no. Between you and me it's dead straight. It's the way they hold their cameras, that's what does it. Well anyway, me biggest job, and that's the one I want to tell you about, undoubtedly was the Forth Bridge. I remember distinctly, cause me other three fell down. Well anyway, I was in charge and I'd decided that we'd start building from both sides and meet in the middle. You follow me? 'Cos you know the Forth Bridge. It's got all those big arches that go up and down, up and down, all the way across. How those trains get up and down those things I'll never know....Still, that's their worry. I was only building it. So anyway, there we were. We'd started from either side. We had a race to see who could get to the middle first. Well, we were getting along like a house. We built the first twenty seven yards in three seconds. Well we had to, there was a train behind us. Well we were doing very well right up until the fog sprang up. Well I don't know how it happened, but the long and the short of it was...we passed each other. Well I felt a right Toby I can tell you. There was the other half of the bridge, twenty yards past me and six feet on one side. Well I blamed it onto the crane driver. The bloke who was lifting the big girders about.

"It's your fault" I said. Cos I was annoyed see. Me whole face was red with anger. I clenched me fists until the muscles on me arm stood out like marbles. I looked up at him and I shook me fist. "It's your fault" I said, "You weren't looking where you were going." I said. "Undo all those girders and go back and start again." Well I don't know whether it was the authority in my voice or the sense of shame he must have felt, but he did it without a murmur. 'Cos he could see I meant it. First he picked up one girder, then another, then another, until he had five huge iron girders in his crane.....That was more than he'd ever carried before. 'Cos he was eager to rectify his mistake see. He picked those five girders up and swung them into the air, high up above, gently as a lamb. A sort of sheepish apologetic smile on his face. Then as he swung them slowly across the middle of the bridge, do you know what he did? He dropped them on me head.

MOIRA: (APPROACHING) Tony, Tony come quickly. We've finished the house.

TONY: Wonderful. Let's have a look.

MOIRA: There she is.

TONY: Oh Moira, look. My own little home at last.

MOIRA: Do you like it Tony?

TONY: Oh yes, it's all I've ever dreamed about. One day this'll be our home Moira. That wonderful golden day when you shyly carry me over the threshold. When can we move in?

BILL: Wait a minute, we've got to finish taking the scaffolding down first. Pass me the hammer.

EFFECTS: (METALLIC HAMMERING)

BILL: There. Just one more piece.

EFFECTS: (HAMMERING. HOLD UNDER)

TONY: My home. Hancock Towers. At last I've got a decent place to live in, instead of that crumbling broken down old thing I've lived in all me life. This is what I've always wanted - a well built, safe, solid little house. No repairs to do, no....

BILL: (CALLS) The scaffolding's all down.

EFFECTS: (HOUSE COLLAPSES)

SIDNEY: I knew it.

TONY: What?

SIDNEY: We forgot to put the wallpaper up.

GRAMS: LINK

ADRIAN: Here is the news. Last night a sentry box was stolen from outside Buckingham Palace. Will the thieves kindly return the sentry. And if anybody can give any information, please communicate with Scotland Yard...etc.

GRAMS: CLOSING THEME on word "Information"

ADRIAN: You have been listening to "Hancock's Half Hour", featuring the lad himself, with Moira Lister, Bill Kerr and Sidney James. Incidental music was composed by Wally Stott and recorded by the BBC Augmented Revue Orchestra conducted by Harry Rabinowitz. The script was written by Ray Galton and Alan Simpson - and the programme, which was recorded, was produced by Dennis Main Wilson.

GRAMS: "HANCOCK THEME" UP & TO END

(SEGUE)

GRAMS: PLAYOUT - TO END